

# JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

## Washington 'Carries On' in Spite of Anxiety

**DEAR SUSAN:**  
Our ears are strained for the sound of guns across the sea, for news of the first really great battle in which our troops, our own brothers, sons and sweethearts are taking part. And all the while each of us goes peacefully about his business and his pleasures, as though some quite distinct self were brooding anxiously over the word from France.

We have a smile for the lighter angles of the war, the action of the British, for instance, in bestowing upon General Pershing and General Bliss the Order of the Bath—are they General Sir John Pershing and General Sir Tasker Bliss now, I wonder? And we've a ready tear for such sharp individual tragedies as the death of young Quentin Roosevelt. Poor lad, to Washington he's still the schoolboy. And such a jolly boy, full of mischief, into everything, but amazingly frank, straightforward and lovable. Just the sort a father would want his boy to be.

And all the while we wait on word from France.  
We've had a mission with us for a change, this time a Red Cross mission, which hails from Japan and is headed by a very distinguished gentleman, Prince Tokugawa. And its members were entertained very much in the manner of the missions political, missions financial, missions military, etc., which have visited us before. The ladies were, however, conspicuous by their absence at almost all of the functions in honor of Prince Tokugawa and his conferees. We've danced a little, dined occasionally at the country club, some of the pleasant places near town, motored a bit, taken in a movie or two and kept at whatever work we have in hand.

And all the while we wait on word from France!

### Capital People Go Vacationing.

What are Washington people doing? Well, many things, but mostly they're doing "em away from Washington just now. Which may be Irish, but is nevertheless true. Of course, there's nothing like the midsummer stagnation the city used to know in antebellum days; but July and August are the popular months with those who can only take short vacations, and right now there are more people away and there's less going on than in many months.

Washingtonians are scattered, too, to the four corners of the continent. I've letters filled with their doings from Bar Harbor and White Sulphur, from Hot Springs, Va., and Banff, Canada, and "points between." Moreover, California is extremely popular with Washingtonians this summer.

Isabelle May, who went out with Mrs. George T. May, is remaining on to visit her aunt, Mrs. William Babcock, at her villa at San Rafael, her first visit to San Francisco since she was a small child. May Adams and Mrs. Buchanan Merriman are at Santa Barbara. Baroness Inga Ronde and Baroness Brita Ronde, sisters of the secretary of the legation of Switzerland, who are making a pleasure trip in the West, are now in San Francisco, and there, too, one finds that popular member of the French high commission, M. Maurice Cassegrain. He is on some sort of a mission for his government, and is accompanied by Lieut. Paul Verdier. Mrs. E. H. G. Slater and Miss Mary Gwynn, who have been in Seattle, are to spend the greater part of the summer in California, and are due to arrive shortly. They aren't expected home until October.

Mrs. E. Hunt Thompson, of Washington, is also in California for several

## War Work Keeps Pretty Girls in Washington Despite the Lure of the Resorts



**MISS MARY GRAHAM,**  
Daughter of the Assistant Attorney General and Mrs. Samuel Jordan Graham.

**MISS EDITH WALLACH,**  
Niece of Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Blair, with whom she spends much time.

**MISS CATHERINE HARLOW,**  
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harlow, who is in town doing war work.

weeks, and is staying with her parents, Judge and Mrs. William H. Hunt, at the attractive villa in San Rafael which they have taken for the summer. Mrs. Hunt visited in San Francisco last summer, making a host of friends who are giving her a royal welcome this year. To return some of the many hospitalities which have been arranged in her honor, Mrs. Hunt gave a luncheon the other day with her sister, Mrs. Barnaby Conrad, Mrs. Truxton Beale, and Mrs. Monroe Eyrick. Among the guests, Mrs. Beale is a Washingtonian—at intervals, you know, and Mrs. Pinckard, who was Dorothy Gardner Williams, was a great belle here before her marriage.

### Mrs. Mayne Returns From California.

Mrs. George T. Mayne got back only last week from her home at Burlingame, Cal., where she spent several weeks. She was much in San Francisco and was present at many of the parties given for Miss May and Mrs. Raymond T. Baker, in addition to having no end of festivities given on her own account. Mr. and Mrs. Baker were in San Francisco about ten days, I believe, their visit to California being part of their extended wedding trip. They expect to go back in September and have taken a house in San Francisco for a month or six weeks. This time, I understand, Mrs. Baker's two little sons, Alfred and George Vanderbilt, will accompany them.

On their way East Mr. Baker, who is director of the mint, combined business with pleasure, inspecting the mints at Los Angeles and Denver, as well as the San Francisco mint. They're due in Washington this week, I hear, but probably only for a short visit, and I rather suspect that Mrs. Baker will spend the rest

of the summer at Homewood, her place at Lenox, Mr. Baker being with her as often as he can get away from his desk here. They are at Lenox now.

Mrs. Baker made a very pleasant impression in San Francisco with her simplicity, her charm and her gracious manner. It was natural that she and Mrs. Mayne should "hook together" there, for Mr. Baker and the Maynes are old and intimate friends. It was as secretary to Mr. Mayne, then American Ambassador to Russia, who you know, that Mr. Baker went to Russia. His mother, Mrs. George W. Baker, who came East to attend her son's marriage to Mrs. Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, remained over for a few weeks to bid good-bye to her younger son, Lieut. George W. Baker, Jr., when he sailed for France, and joined the Raymond Bakers in California shortly before they started on their homeward way.

Mrs. Mayne is going shortly to York Harbor, Me., to stay with Mrs. John F. Rodgers and then toward autumn there'll be a gathering of the clan at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Mr. Mayne, whose business is keeping him in town all summer, will take a vacation then, and he and Mrs. Mayne will join their young daughter, Helen Mayne, and her aunt, Miss Flora Doyle, at the springs. Mrs. Anderson Moreland, of Pittsburgh, another sister of Mrs. Mayne, and Sara Moreland will also join the party at White Sulphur. They are now on the coast of Maine.

### McAdoo's Play Hokey On the Coast.

The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McAdoo have also been in California for several weeks, as you doubtless remember, but they've played hokey when it came to entertaining or being entertained. Of late the Secretary has had much important railroad business on hand, and before that he felt the necessity of taking an absolute rest. He is due, I believe, to be back at his desk on August 5, and Mrs. McAdoo is likely to come with him. I don't know whether they'll go to White Sulphur before coming to Washington, but it seems quite likely as both of them must be anxious for a sight

of their small daughter, Miss Ellen Wilson McAdoo, who is installed in state at the Colonnade. Troop trains having now been instructed to stop at White Sulphur Springs, a canteen corps has lately been established there, with Mrs. Thornton Lewis at its head; and now when the boys pile out rows deep in a sea of dusty khaki the ladies are on hand to distribute refreshments, cigarettes and magazines. They undertake as well to send telegrams, mail letters and do other small services for the boys. Mrs. William Wheatley, a Washington woman, is in charge of the Red Cross surgical dressings work at White Sulphur.

At Bar Harbor the War Savings Stamp drive has held the center of the stage of late. Elizabeth Rush Porter, who has recently joined her mother, Mrs. J. Biddle Porter, at Bar Harbor after a visit to Mrs. J. Gardner Casant at Kelsa, Berwyn, Pa., had charge of the booth at the Red Cross building last week. Mrs. Porter was one of the members of the summer colony who loaned her motor for the house to house canvass for the drive, and Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, another Washington woman, was one of the organizers of the bridge party given at the Malvern Hotel on Monday evening to help boost the drive. Sixteen Thrift Stamps was the price of admission. Altogether \$137,900 was realized from the campaign.

The Biddle Porters have had word from Catherine Rush Porter, who is in France, where she has been in active service under the Red Cross for several months, that she hopes to return to this country in August.

### Bar Harbor Colony Grows Fast.

The Washington colony at Bar Harbor is growing apace. Mr. and Mrs. A. Garrison McIntock arrived last week at the Belmont, where they will spend the remainder of the summer in accordance with their usual custom. Mrs. Franklin Ellis, their daughter, will join them there for the month of August. Mrs. McMillan Gibson was also at Bar Harbor last week. She visited Mrs. Aulick Palmer, motoring back on Friday to York Harbor to join her children.

Mme. Riano, wife of the Spanish

ambassador, is due to arrive nearby York Harbor early in August to stay with her sister, Mrs. Chandler Anderson. The ambassador is remaining in Washington. Indeed he has not been away even over night in two years. La Selva, one of the most beautiful of the many fine summer homes at Bar Harbor is occupied this season by its owner, Mrs. A. J. Davis, of Washington. With her are her son, George Kidder Davis, a popular member of the Kebo Valley Club, her daughter, Mrs. Davis Ireland, and granddaughter, Miss Louise Ireland. Last season La Selva was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thomas, of New York; Mr. Ireland, who since her marriage has lived in San Francisco, has come East to stay and is active in Red Cross work both at Bar Harbor and at Washington.

Mrs. Henry S. Hooker, the recent bride of Major Hooker, who is now in France on General Bell's staff, is an arrival of the week at the De Gregoire. Mrs. Hooker, before her marriage, was Mrs. Edward Burke of Ballydugan, Stevenson, Md., and was a member of the army intelligence department and Sara Price Collier is helping out the French high commission in some way, also translating probably, for she speaks French like a native.

By the way, I hear persistent rumors that one of the girls mentioned above—no, I'll not say which one, being old fashioned enough to feel, as one woman would have it, that every girl has the right to choose the moment and method of announcing her own engagement—is receiving marked attention from a handsome young French officer, who is attached to the High Commission, wears the croix de guerre, with several palms, and is very much in demand these days. Everywhere one hears hints of their engagement, and from the happy look in the little girl's eyes and the way the young man beams at her

with him" was her plaint and then moment later, "Oh, I know, the Club de Vingt," and thereafter everything was serene.

**Among the Girls**  
At Cabin John.  
Sara Price Collier, Edith Wallach, Cecilia McCallum, Olive Graef, Mildred Bromwell, Mrs. Thomas Hagden, and her sister, Frances Noyes; Mary Graham, Frances and Louisa Hoar—there you have a fair sample of the girls who "play round" at Cabin John a good deal and who, of course, are members of the club. Many of these girls are staying on in town for the greater part of the summer doing war work of one sort or another and they honestly earn their fun. Mary Graham, for instance, has a "regular job" in the State Department, in the same department with the Hoar girls, and Mrs. Franklin Ellis (Catherine McIntock), who is making her home with her family while Captain Ellis is in France; Frances Noyes is translating under the banner of the army intelligence department and Sara Price Collier is helping out the French high commission in some way, also translating probably, for she speaks French like a native.

**Club de Vingt**  
Wins Popularity.  
Yes, Susan, the "Club de Vingt" of Washington, at Cabin John Bridge, of which you have read lately in the society columns, is the same "Club de Vingt" which was started at the Washington Club last winter, or rather it is an outgrowth thereof. Moreover, it is very much "the thing" at the moment, and if its popularity keeps on growing the country clubs will have to look to their laurels.

The "Club de Vingt," which was originally a New York organization, was imported to Washington last winter under Mrs. Hawkesworth's management, and with the very smartest patronage—the New Yorkers now resident here were particularly interested in its success—and tea and supper dances used to be given twice a week. Now, however, the club has taken over the old hotel at Cabin John Bridge, refurbished it a bit, put in little tables, shaded canopies, quaint lanterns, and all the paraphernalia to make it attractive, and it is open every afternoon and evening.

Afternoon tea, dinner, and supper are served daily, with a cold buffet luncheon on Sunday, and there is music for dancing by the well-known Club de Vingt Orchestra of New York. The place is open to the public, of course, but there are special rooms, and with several palms reserved exclusively for club members.

A number of pleasant little dinner parties have been given at Cabin John of late, notably the one last week at which Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Chadbourne, Jr. were hosts and Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, and Lieutenant General Bridges were among the guests, and last Saturday evening most of the young people at the Chevy Chase Club looked the situation over, pronounced the entertainment "dull" and departed in a body for the "Club de Vingt." A day or two later I saw a pretty girl meditating with drawn brows over a telegram announcing the arrival of a "week-end beau." "What shall I do

## Fashions, Fads, And Fancies of Smart Society

National Woman's Party set up a booth in the court of the United States Hotel, famous in many a hot political campaign, and began distributing literature in which the anti-suffragist Senator was severely attacked. The Senator's friends protested, and then the fun began. The booth stayed.

Behind it one afternoon sat Mrs. Abby Scott Baker, who in private life is Mrs. Robert W. Baker, of Washington; Miss Elsie Hill and Miss Doris Stevens, both well known here, handing out leaflets in which Senator Wadsworth and his supporters were informed that "The majority of New York men and women demand Senator Wadsworth's support of the suffrage amendment no matter what his personal views may be; that 'Republican women will not permit Senator Wadsworth's defiance. We demand his support or his immediate resignation,' that 'he is a menace to the permanent democracy of the world, for w/zh we send our sons to fight abroad,' and similar friendly sentiments expressed. Behind them waved the 'purple, white and gold' banners, which caused Senators and Congressmen to see red during the picketing history of the White House."

Altogether it was a highly edifying occasion, but to my mind the most amusing thing which occurred was Senator Wadsworth's personal encounter with a leaflet. Here's the way it was recorded in one of the New York papers: "Mrs. Elizabeth Worth Muller, Sullivan county chairman of the National Woman's Party, made a tour of one of the galleries to distribute them to men seated in groups talking over the political outlook."

"Four of the delegates took them reluctantly as Mrs. Muller said, 'I'm from Sullivan county and I don't stand for anything that favors of Wadsworth.'"

"It's about me. I'll take one," spoke up the fifth man, who had been silent to that moment.

"Why, are you Senator Wadsworth?" exclaimed Mrs. Muller. "And such a nice looking man to be as cross about suffrage."

"The Senator made no reply."

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(Continued on Page 13.)

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